

LUKE SKYWALKER TAKES FLIGHT!



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STAR WARS



A LITTLE BROKEN

The hunt for the legendary Kezarat Convoy has stranded the heroes of the Rebel Alliance within the mysterious No-Space. The inhabitants of No-Space rescued the heroes from rampaging droids but informed them that they must assimilate into the Colony of Kezarat.

Captain Blythe, the leader of the colony, recounted the colonists' struggle against the savage Nihil raiders. He then informed the heroes of the futility of escape: While the Nihil could leave No-Space, no others had in centuries. Blythe separated the heroes to integrate them within the colony, but their concerns lay elsewhere.

Luke Skywalker must recover a sacred Jedi text he left aboard their ship. Meanwhile, Chewbacca devotes his engineering mind to escaping. . . .

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No-Space. The
Kezarat Colony.

HROOARRH!

I REALLY WISH
I UNDERSTOOD
WOKIEE.

THE PEOPLE ARE
WOKIEES. THEIR LANGUAGE
IS SHYRIIWOOK.

NOTED,
GENIUS.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND
WHAT OUR WOKIEE
FRIEND HERE IS SAYING IN
HIS NATIVE TONGUE OF
SHYRIIWOOK?

NO.

BZZZT

UH-HUH.
DIDN'T THINK
SO.



OKAY, PAL...WE'RE LISTENING. IF THERE'S A PROBLEM, WE'LL TRY TO HELP.

CAN YOUR BUDDY IN THERE EXPLAIN IT, MAYBE?

Hrrroo.
HRRNH.
EEEE ahhh.
HRnn.



I REMEMBER HE TALKED TO THIS GUY-- ONE OF THE OTHER *NEWS*. HE SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND. MAYBE WE TAKE THE WOOKIEE TO HIM?

I DON'T HAVE A BETTER IDEA.



WE'LL TAKE YOU TO SEE YOUR OTHER FRIEND, THE ONE WHO CAN SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE.

BUT IF THIS IS A TRICK... JUST KNOW THAT YOU'RE IN *NO-SPACE*. THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO, NO WAY TO ESCAPE.



WE DON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS WITH YOU. WE WANT TO GET YOU ALL INTEGRATED INTO OUR SOCIETY AS QUICKLY AS WE CAN.

DON'T MAKE US REGRET THIS, OKAY?

Hroo.

AFTER YOU, MR. WOOKIEE.





CHEWBACCA!
YOU BREAKING US
OUT, YOU OLD SO-
AND-SO?

HRROAH!
HR--

Hroooeh...



DID YOU HAVE
A QUESTION,
CHEWBACCA?

HR000?

YEAH, YEAH.
WOOKIEES
ALWAYS PICK UP
THE VIBES.

BUT WHAT
MY GOOD FRIEND
AMILYN HOLDO AND
I GET UP TO IN THE
PRIVACY OF OUR OWN
CELL IS NOBODY
ELSE'S BUSINESS,
CHEWIE.

HE WAS TRYING
TO TELL US
SOMETHING. SEEMED
LIKE HE THOUGHT IT
WAS PRETTY
IMPORTANT.

YEAH? WHAT'S UP,
CHEWBACCA?

Hrooa.
Hee. **HRRNGGG!**
WHNNNNTHHH!
EEEEnt.



HUH.
HOW ABOUT
THAT?

HE SAYS
HE CAN GET US



ALL RIGHT,
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT,
LANDO?

I'VE ALREADY
SPENT MORE TIME THAN
I COULD AFFORD GETTING
YOU NEWS TO UNDERSTAND
OUR SITUATION
HERE.

THE
KEZARAT COLONY
REQUIRES CONSTANT
UPKEEP FROM ALL
OF US.

I UNDERSTAND
THAT, CAPTAIN
BLYTHE. THIS WON'T TAKE
LONG, AND WE DON'T
WANT TO WASTE
YOUR TIME.

MY FRIEND
HERE, CHEWBACCA,
SAYS HE'S FIGURED
OUT A WAY TO GET US
ALL OUT OF HERE
AND BRING US
BACK HOME.

HRRAH!

YEP. THOUGHT IT
WAS SOMETHING
LIKE THAT.

LOOK. YOU TWO ARE **NEWS**.
YOU'RE DOING WHAT
NEWS DO.

EVERY TIME A
NEW CREW OF PEOPLE GETS
STUCK HERE IN NO-SPACE, IT'S NOT
LONG BEFORE THEY COME TO ME
THINKING THEY'VE GOT SOME
WAY TO ESCAPE THAT WE
HAVEN'T TRIED.

WELL, LET
ME TELL YOU,
FELLAS...WE'VE
TRIED IT
ALL.

RIGHT,
BUT--

I GET IT.
IT'S A HARD THING
TO SWALLOW, THE IDEA OF
LIVING THE REST OF YOUR LIVES
HERE. BUT WE'VE BEEN HERE
FOR OVER **TWO CENTURIES**.

IF THERE
WAS A WAY OUT,
WE'D HAVE FOUND IT. I'LL
HAVE THE GUARDS GET YOU
TWO BACK TO YOUR
ACCOMMODATIONS.

HOPE IS
DANGEROUS IN
NO-SPACE. BETTER



CAPTAIN, I GET IT. I DON'T BELIEVE IN HOPE EITHER. BUT I DO BELIEVE IN LUCK.

TRUST ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT CHEWBACCA SHOWING UP HERE WAS THE LUCKIEST THING TO HAPPEN TO YOUR COLONY IN A LONG, LONG TIME.

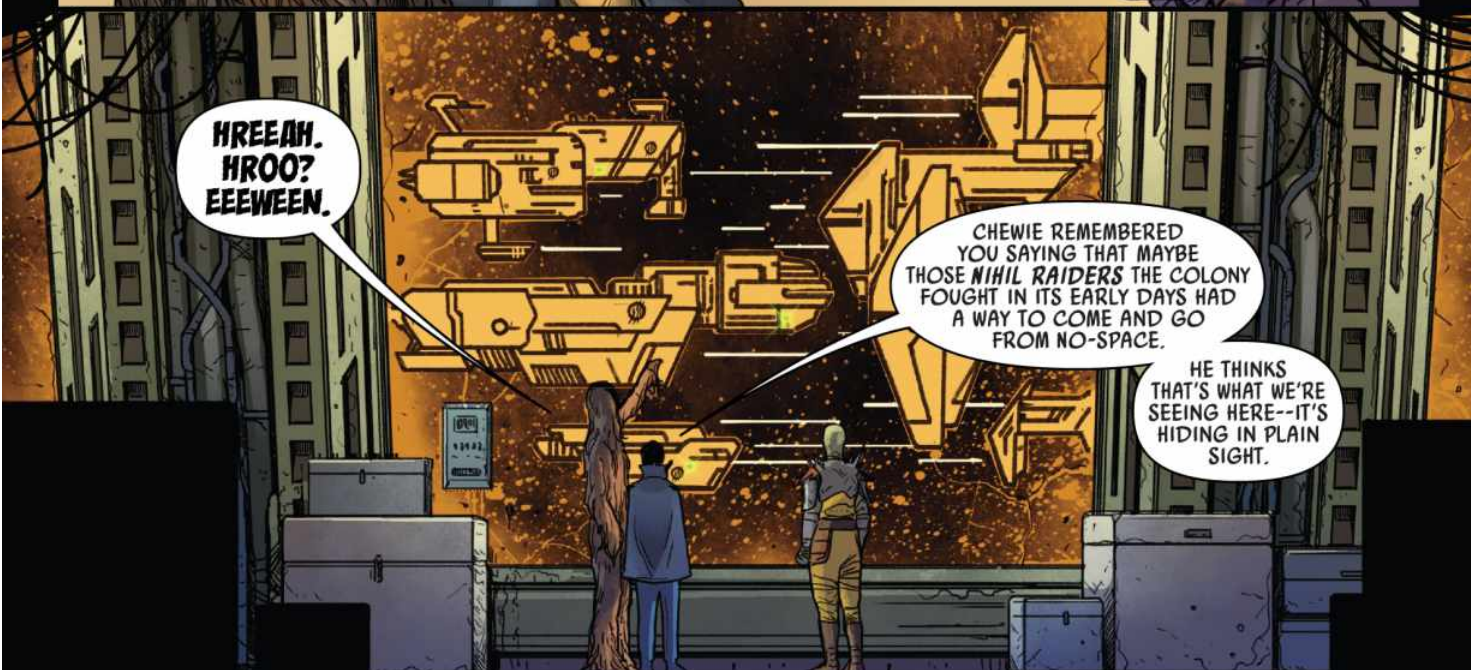


CHEWIE IS AN EXTRAORDINARILY GIFTED MECHANIC AND ENGINEER.

I'VE SEEN HIM FIX SHIPS THAT WERE HANGING TOGETHER BY ONE WIRE.

IF HE THINKS HE HAS A WAY, I PROMISE YOU IT'S WORTH YOUR TIME TO HEAR HIM OUT.

FINE, WHATEVER. YOU'VE GOT TWO MINUTES.



HREEDH. HROO? EEEWEEN.

CHEWIE REMEMBERED YOU SAYING THAT MAYBE THOSE NIHIL RAIDERS THE COLONY FOUGHT IN ITS EARLY DAYS HAD A WAY TO COME AND GO FROM NO-SPACE.

HE THINKS THAT'S WHAT WE'RE SEEING HERE--IT'S HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT.



THOSE GREEN DOTS ON THE SHIPS--THAT'S HOW THEY WERE DOING IT. A SPECIAL KIND OF ENGINE THAT LET THEM TRAVEL IN AND OUT OF NO-SPACE.

YOU DON'T THINK WE'VE THOUGHT OF THAT? IT DOESN'T MATTER, LANDO. WE KNOW ABOUT THE PATH ENGINES, EVEN HAVE SOME DESTINATION CODES FROM CAPTURED NIHIL.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE A PATH ENGINE.



YEAH, WELL...

...WE DO.





YOU'RE THE LEADER OF YOUR GROUP, AREN'T YOU?

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY THAT. WE'RE ALL PRETTY EQUAL.



WE'RE ALL PRETTY EQUAL HERE IN THE KEZARAT COLONY TOO...BUT I'M STILL THE LEADER. AND I THINK YOU ARE TOO, FOR YOUR PEOPLE.

SO I THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THAT SOMETIMES LEADERS NEED TO KNOW THINGS THAT THE REST OF THEIR PEOPLE DON'T.

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, CAPTAIN BLYTHE?



YOU'RE THE FIRST NEWS TO APPEAR IN NO-SPACE IN ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS. A LOT CAN CHANGE IN THAT MUCH TIME.

WHAT'S IT LIKE OUT THERE?



THIRTY-FIVE YEARS... BACK THEN, THE GALAXY WAS STILL A REPUBLIC. NOW IT'S AN **EMPIRE**. A CRUEL ONE.

THE **JEDI ORDER** IS GONE. PEOPLE AND WORLDS ARE KEPT UNDER CONTROL BY THE EMPIRE'S IRON FIST. **EMPEROR PALPATINE** EXECUTES ANYONE WHO SPEAKS OUT AGAINST HIM.

THE PEOPLE DON'T FIGHT BACK?



SOME.



OKAY--WE'VE GOT THE REACTORS REWIRED, CONNECTED THE POWER--BYPASSED ABOUT A HUNDRED CORED-OUT SYSTEMS.

THIS SHIP'S BASICALLY ONE ENGINE AND A BUBBLE OF AIR.

WHAT MORE DO WE NEED?



FOR THE ENGINE NOT TO BLOW UP WHEN I TURN IT ON. THAT'D BE NICE.



LET'S DO IT TOGETHER. FOR LUCK.

FOR LUCK.



KLK



I DON'T BELIEVE IT. THEY GOT IT RUNNING.

YOU NEED TO HAVE A LITTLE HOPE, CAPTAIN.

FWOOM



NOTED. NOW, YOU'VE PROBABLY ALREADY GUESSED THIS, BUT YOU'LL BE STAYING HERE WHILE THE REST OF YOUR PEOPLE HEAD OUT.

ON THE OFF CHANCE THERE IS A PATH ENGINE...WELL, YOU'RE THEIR LEADER. THEY'LL COME BACK FOR YOU.

WE'D NEVER LEAVE YOU BEHIND. THAT'S NOT WHO WE ARE.

THIS WAY, WE NEVER HAVE TO FIND OUT. GO WISH THEM LUCK.

"THEY'LL
NEED IT."

OKAY, LET'S
SEE WHAT WE'VE
GOT TO WORK
WITH.

FIRST, WE'VE
GOT OUR WEAPONS
BACK, THE GEAR CAPTAIN
BLYTHE LENT US AND
A SHIP.

SORT OF.
WE'VE GOT ONE
ENGINE, BARELY ANY
MANEUVERING, LIFE SUPPORT
THAT COULD DROP AWAY AT
ANY SECOND, AND OH, RIGHT...
ALL ITS WEAPONS
ARE OFFLINE.

NEXT,
WE HAVE A
JEDI.

SORT OF.
MY CONNECTION
TO THE **FORCE** IS
STRANGE HERE IN
NO-SPACE. IT'S...
HARD TO
FIND IT.

AND WHEN
I DO, IT FEELS
STRANGE, WOBBLY.
LIKE SOMETHING WEIRD
IS HAPPENING WITH
IT. BUT I'LL DO
MY BEST

WE'VE GOT...AN INCREDIBLY
GIFTED SLICER.

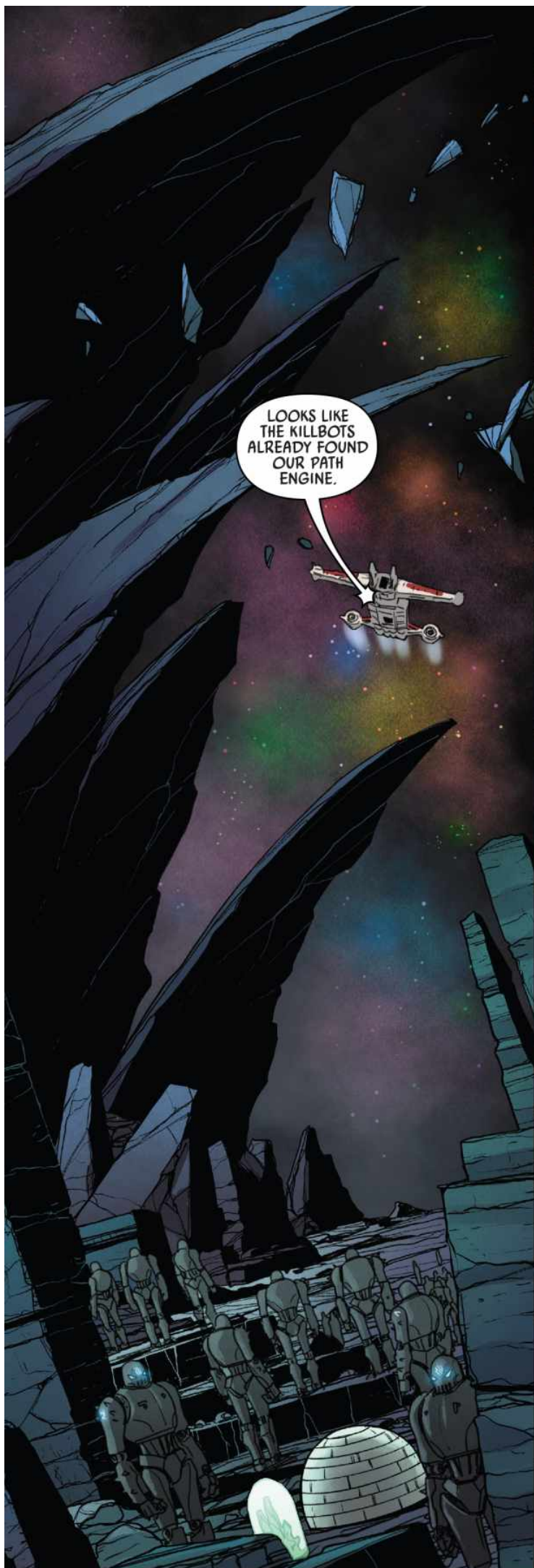
WHICH WILL
COME IN HANDY ON THE
OFF CHANCE WE HAVE TO
BREAK INTO ANY HIGH-LEVEL
COMPUTER SYSTEMS WHILE WE'RE
FIGHTING OFF HORDES OF
KILLER DROIDS.

DON'T FRET,
HOLDO. YOU'VE
GOT A WOOKIEE
TOO, PLUS THE
LUCKIEST MAN
IN THE GALAXY.

AND YOU
TOO. BONA FIDE
HERO OF THE
REBELLION.

WE'LL BE
FINE.

HUH. YOU
SURE ABOUT THAT,
LANDO?



LOOKS LIKE
THE KILLBOTS
ALREADY FOUND
OUR PATH
ENGINE.

"AND NOW THEY
THINK IT'S *THEIR*
PATH ENGINE."

WE NEED TO DRAW
OFF THE DROIDS, GET
THEM AWAY FROM THE
PATH ENGINE, THEN
FIGURE OUT A WAY
TO GET IT BACK
TO THIS SHIP.

I'LL DISTRACT
THE DROIDS. YOU GUYS
FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET
THE ENGINE. ONCE YOU
HAVE IT, I'LL NEED TO
GET BACK TO THE
SKYFARER.

MY JEDI
TEXT IS STILL
IN WHAT'S LEFT
OF THAT SHIP--
I CAN'T LEAVE
WITHOUT IT.

YOUR CALL,
LUKE--BUT HOW THE
HELL ARE YOU GOING
TO GET DOWN
THERE?

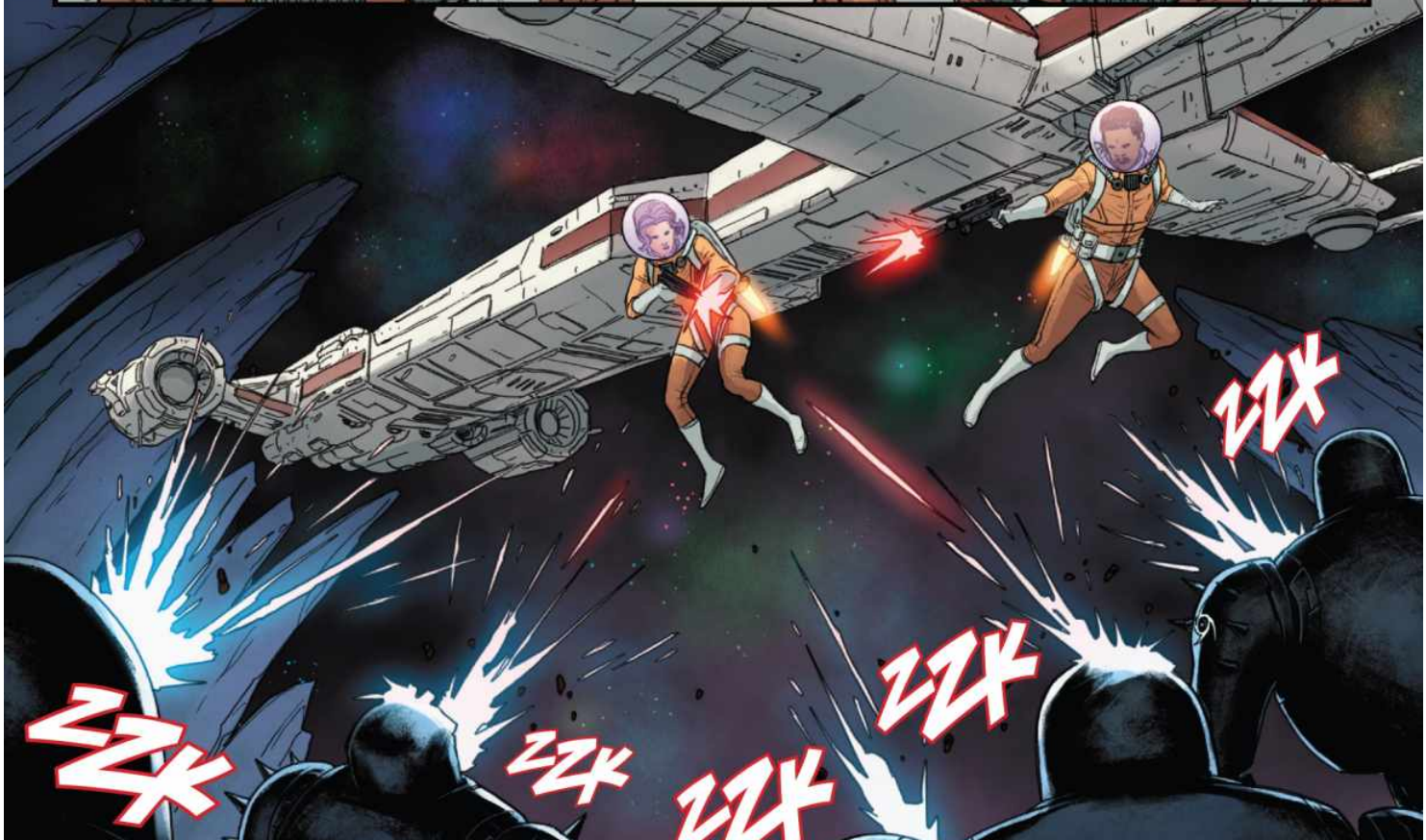
WE CAN'T
LAND THIS THING
ON THAT PLATFORM.
WE'RE BARELY HOLDING
TOGETHER AS IT IS.
THOSE KILLDROIDS
WOULD TEAR
US APART.

I HAD A CHAT WITH
FORVAN BEFORE
WE LEFT.

HE WAS MORE THAN HAPPY
TO HELP OUT HIS NEW JEDI
PAL--AND YOU GUYS TOO--
WITH SOME *SPECIALIZED*
GEAR FOR JUST SUCH
AN OCCASION.









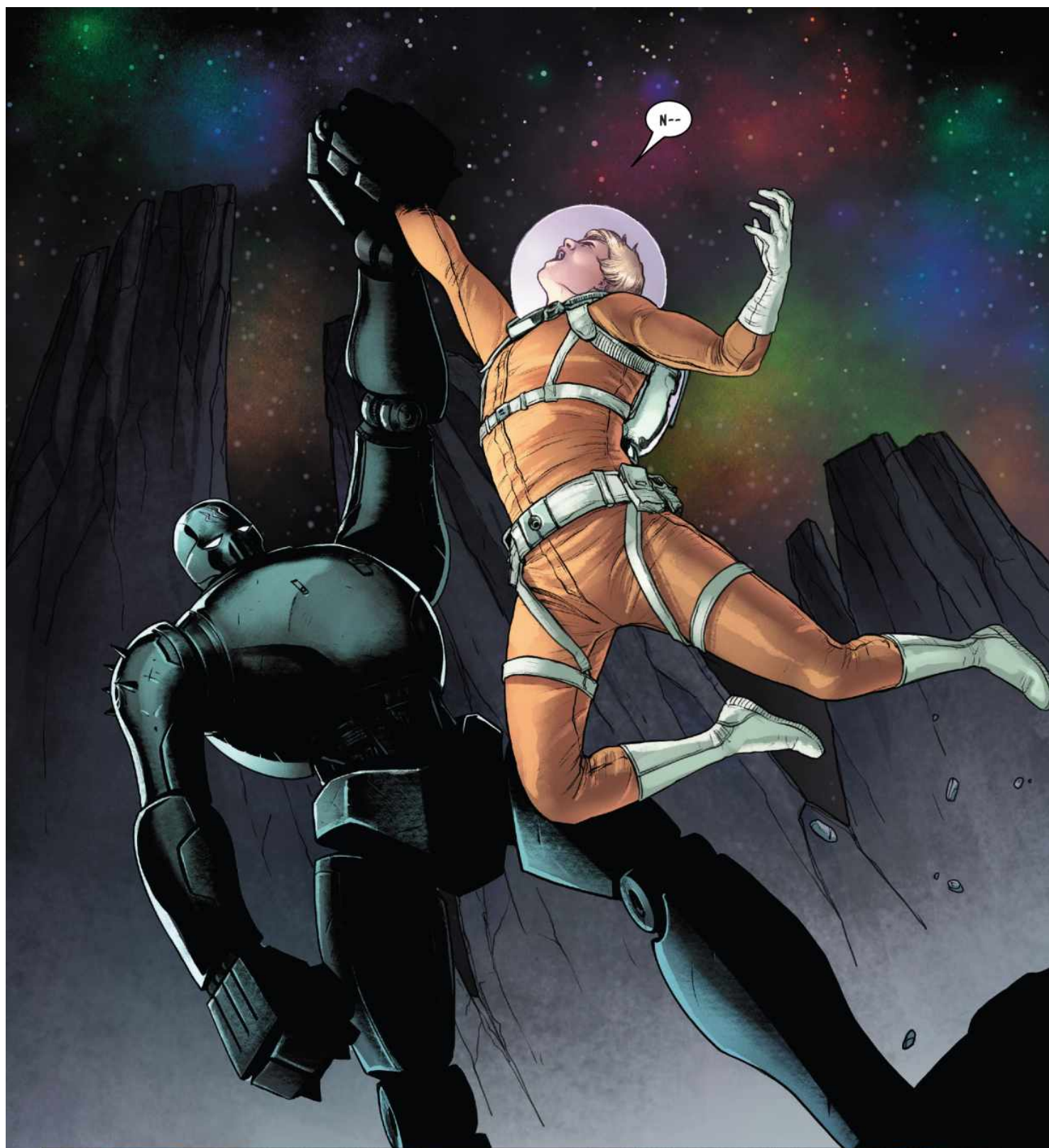












NEXT

STAR WARS 33

THE SAGA ALSO
CONTINUES IN...



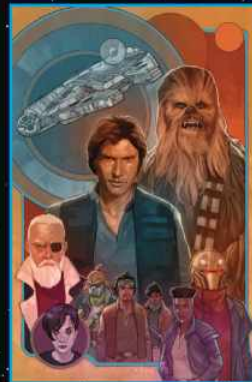
STAR WARS
32



STAR WARS
DARTH VADER 32



STAR WARS
BOUNTY HUNTERS 32



STAR WARS
HAN SOLO &
CHEWBACCA 10



STAR WARS
HIDDEN EMPIRE 4



STAR WARS
RETURN OF THE JEDI:
JABBA'S PALACE 1



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